Salar. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at ſea, might do.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy howre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dockes in ſand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kiſſe her buriall. Should I go to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilkes ;
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought,
That ſuch a thing be-chanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeue me no : I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
Salar. Then y'are in loue.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Salar. Not in loue neither? Then let vs ſay you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry : and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eies,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter